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A
P O E M.

BEING

An Essay upon the present VVar with
THE DUTCH,

Since the first Battel and Victory obtained by
His Highness Royal,

June 3. 1665.

Continued to and upon the late

Happy Victory,

OBTAINED BY

His Majesties Forces at Sea, under the conduct of his
Highness Prince *Rupert*, and his Grace the Duke of *Albemarle*,
July 25. 1666.

By JOHN EAMES. K

Hæc in Primitiis Tentamina parva manebunt, Juven.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign
of the *Anchor* on the Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1666.

REPORT

on the progress of the
British Museum
in the year 1847



Printed by
H. Colburn

of the
British Museum

in the year 1847

Printed by



Printed for Henry Fitzpatrick and are to be sold
of the Author on the 1st of January 1848



A P O E M.

Being an Affay upon the present War with

T H E D U T C H,

Since the first Battel and Victory obtained by

HIS HIGHNESS ROYAL.

June 3. 1665.

Scarce the black Curtains of the Night were spread,
When drowsie Poppy round my Temples shed
A solemn sleep; from whose dark womb a dream,
The soul from her close mansion did redeem :
This eager vapour archt the burnisht Sky,
From either Pole extended to the eye ;
Thence the glad Sun had banish'd drery night,
And no dull shadow durst impeach his light.
The Sea I saw as calm as when the Wind,
Sports with the Spring, and to soft Buds is kind ;
Whilst *Thetis* rock't on wanton Billows plays,
And mirth through shining troops of Nymphs conveighs :
Neptune, and all that watry host beside,
In triumph ov'r that Azure Empire ride.
This Pompous shew of wonder and delight,
Ushers a winged Forrest to my sight ;

Whose Aspect joyful characters betray'd,
 For a late Combate which that triumph made :
 It was the Navy on the Ocean spread,
 Which from pursuing of the *Dutch* was led
 By ROYAL YORK ; whose awful Brows retain,
 The growing Emblems of the conquer'd Main.
 And whilst ambitious Gales this prospect blew
 To the glad Ports, my fetter'd eyes pursue ;
 Till shouts and thunder eccho'd from the Shore,
 The Soul to her first faculties restore.

Awak'd (though not like those whose sullen phlegm
 Draws sacred precepts from a guilty dream)
 My Numbers are encourag'd to relate
 The wandring homage of the *Belgian* State.
 How from remotest shores Attonements come,
 And center in our Channel as their home ;
 Whilst fear instructs their anger to forsake
 The *Straight*, as Fowls abhor *Avernus* Lake :
 How they believe the Pole, and think to find
 No Storm to urge the murmurs of their mind.
 Trusting the North as the securer way,
 They court the night for treasures of the day ;
 Sweet Spices, Gums, and all the Sun can boast,
 Or the Indulgence of the *Indian* Coast,
 Pay tribute to their hopes ; which least they may
 Perish near home in wither'd *Normay* stay :
 Where that rough Satyr *Bergen*, is possess'd
 Of the rich spoils of the luxurious East.
 The Port was the dark burden of that womb,
 Whose liquid bowels are the greedy tomb
 Of trade and hope, by Art improv'd to be
 From Foes a Refuge, boisterous Winds and Sea.
 The worth and safety, though not equal Fate
 Of this fair prize, might *Fasons* emulate ;
 That yellow fleece Bulls hoof'd with thunder kept,
 And a more watchful guard that never slept ;

This

This cloister'd in the hostile Harbour lay,
 Maintain'd by Castles and a treacherous way.
 The *English* that this proud return did wait,
 (More conscious of revenge than guilty fate)
 Attempt with one bold Squadron of their Fleet,
 To render vows though not their hopes compleat;
 Obsequious to their courage, they dispence
 Through the sadlake a bloody influence;
 Which tears in sight of the unfaithful shore,
 And spoils the fraught we would have sav'd before.
 Art, fury, all to ruin had design'd
 Those joys of peace, but the inamour'd wind,
 Which like a Phænix in that nest would lye,
 And with a surfeit of those odors, dye;
 Thus jealous grown, does with full cheeks oppose,
 Those flames which ships dissembl'd to our foes.
 Retreating thence as Lions, which some Wile
 Or Stratagem did of their Prey beguile.
 We cleave the briny Element to meet
Dodona sacred to our *Jove*, the Fleet.

The *Dutch* at home improve their Hulls with Men,
 And Rigg their vanquish'd Ruins out agen;
 Not to impeach our bays, but to Convoy
 The 'frighted Barques we labour'd to destroy.
 Arriv'd they tell their joy, and wing their Sails
 With greeting shouts, that breath conspiring Gales;
 When Heaven (to shew how frail Mens passions are,
 How soon proud hope is chang'd to sad despair)
 Contracts his brow, and buries in a cloud,
 The worlds bright Eye; whilst *Æolus* aloud
 Proclaims his challenge through the troubl'd Main,
 That now repeats their danger once again.
 The clouds drawn down upon the labouring deep,
 Divide (as Shepherds scatter'd from their Sheep)

The armed Convoys from the wealthy Fleet
 Which beg from the wild Contest a retreat,
 With sighs that break th' abortive womb of fear,
 When *English* Frigats, louder storms, appear.
 Some the loud summons of our Cannon wait,
 Others with dread and silence watch their fate ;
 Those that got safe and 'scapt both Enemies,
 Palenefs and grief entitl'd to the Prize.
 So shiptwrackt Men which safely swim to shore,
 Their treasures in hoarse Surges lost deplore.

Now *Titan* in his oblique course had stray'd,
 From the just ballance of the days, and made
 The sullen brow of Winter to maintain
 The priviledge of Naval wars in vain :
 For the incensed *Dutch* invade the Skies,
 And their wise rage the blackest storm defies ;
 Cloudy Orion with their Fleet they dare,
 And Regiments of fish disbanded are
 To their revenge and fate ; loud Engines roar
 On bleating Cattel objects on the shore.
 Thus we *Caligula* in Records view,
 (His Legions in Battalia) to subdue
 The harmless Ocean, when their Helmets bore
 Trophées of Cockle from our Neighbour shore.

The aged Solstice gone, new months supply
 The teeming Earth with visits from the sky,
 Soft Zephyres breathing on the opening Scene
 Of fragrancy, with blushing vestures, green ;
 The softer bosome of the Earth is charg'd
 With buds from blossomes tenderly enlarg'd :
 The painted flowers with their early pride,
 Steal from their prisons to adorn the bride,
 Nature ; whose youth (propensive to increase,
 And celebrate the Festivals of Peace)

Does with unwilling looks new vigor give,
 When war's cold embers in fresh flames do live ;
 But time and war one strict resemblance hold,
 And in Eccentrick Circles both are rowl'd :
 Strife moves a milder course when leafs appear,
 And silent sleeps, when Storms infest the Year.
 The Spring our Navy from its moist aboard,
 To *Neptunes* spacious Courts invites abroad ;
 Where floating (thus sick fortune prov'd unkind)
 Another way one Squadron is design'd.
 The wary *Dutch* the silent Ocean shade
 In Castles lin'd, with Nations for their aid,
 So bold ; hope seem'd espous'd and banish'd fear :
 The Duke still constant in them both drew near ;
 His courage like a Rock frowns on the Main,
 Storms in their wildest fury to restrain.
 Approacht the business of the day is ply'd,
 With terror, noise and death on either side ;
 In Sable shades of rowling smoak they fight,
 Till they Anticipate the wings of night ;
 And when the stiff'd Sun had cleans'd his beams,
 From their pollution in th' Hesperian streams,
Aurora, Heaven with gilded lustres grac'd,
 Which were again by *Stygian* rage defac'd.

The *Belgian* courage shone like flames which rise
 From wood, and not improv'd by Bellows, dyes :
 The *English* burns like oyl, nor needs the Name
 Of wind or wine-improvements to a flame ;
 Nor ebbs and flows with fortunes erring tides,
 But 'bove the power of her Empire rides :
 So small our force that could we own her frown,
 The bold Attempt might teach the world Renown.
 The *Heroe* manag'd by his prowess steers,
 And the safe bulwark of his Charge appears ;

His Conduct such, his Antique Lawrels now
 Spred to defend as well as Grace his brow :
 Wont to reprove the clamors of the sky,
 Here his bold wreaths a louder fate defie.

Now shifts the doubtful Scene, and we discry
 The message of new hopes hang in the sky :
 So shews the radiant Ensign of the day,
 When Storms submit to his Majestick ray.
 The *Prince* appears, with whom whilst we unite,
 The *Dutch* like Theeves are Victors made by flight ;
 With full spred Sails they leave the dreadful News,
 Panting Revenge as hastily persues,
 And summons to repeat the Tragick-Play,
 Whilst the confused Sea and Sun obey,
 The Emphasis of rage, and all things there
 Dissolv'd from their first principals appear.
 The colder Element becomes the Stage,
 On which the first dares improve his rage.
 The heavy bowels of the Earth do fly,
 (As though they center'd upward) through the Sky.
 Those fatal druggs which wretched Arts compose,
 Towing those fates that pregnant Guns inclose,
 To the dull Earth once quiet Tenants were ;
 Now in thick Mists inhabiting the Air,
 Obstruct the passage of prevailing fire,
 Which lost in its own bowels climbs no higher.

Those stately Piles of wonder and delight,
 Which on the rowling Billows did invite
 The silver-footed Nymphs to feast their eyes,
 And doubt them of their watry Dieties ;
 Rent, stain'd with gore, and loud with groans appear
 No more their objects of delight, but fear.
 There flaming *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* seem
 Belching out smoak and fire on the stream :

The *Portholes* flames, and iron showers dispence
 As burning Caverns do curl'd Cinders thence.
 Here burning Pines sad Fun'ral Rites supply ;
 There Tumults of one wound together dye :
 Some climb the waves, and in their Bowels meet
 The fate from which their hasty fears retreat.

Confusion spreads her Sable Plumes, as Night
 And clouds obscure the Canopy of light ;
 Through which black veil (so burning Meteors blaze,
 And Mortals with approaching ills amaze)
 Shines *Rupert* like another *Jove*, from whom
 The *Dutch* by thunder do receive their doom :
 His floating Tower is the sphere which hides,
 Whole flakes of dying fury in its sides ;
 His Martial influence by Heaven sent,
 Taught the Capricious Goddess to repent.
 So the *Dictæan* God did *Iris* send,
 When victory to either side should bend.

Live the blest Theme of the *Castalian* Spring,
 You that were made your Countrys Offerring !
 Though dying in a croud, may every Name
 Swell the immortal Heraldry of fame ;
 Whose wings now open to salute our shore,
 Laden with homage as the year before :
 Whilst the success, mysterious *Holland* (wise
 In figures) by Synecdoche belies ;
 And with *Italian* Arts betrays the world,
 Through which her subtle Characters are hurl'd.
 Nor had the bays obey'd the doubtful laws
 Of disputation, whilst the weary Cause
 Int'rest and Envy urge ; but the dispute
 Must have slept quiet in a loud pursuit,
 Had not those lofty Firrs, which crown'd of late,
 Some mighty Grove stoop to their second Fate,

And prostrate on the Deck disarm'd the wind,
 And the two *Heroes* to their Rage confin'd:
 Whilst the *Batavians* with their shatter'd Fleet
 First leave the Seas, and to their Ports retreat.

Pale Phæbe had not twice her silver gleams
 Of light replenish'd by her Brothers Beams,
 When the *Dutch* Navy reacht the *British* Coasts,
 Proud to deceive the Christian World with boasts,
 To mend the Errors of this fatal Chance,
 After some time our ready Sails advance ;
 While the dull *Belgians* with a guilty look
 (Like one in his own politicks mistook)
 Survey the motion of this dreadful Fleet,
 By which they must their shame or ruin meet :
 They gaze like men, whose wandering sight betray'd,
 By the vast distance of the object made,
 To think that but some rising Bank, which nigh,
 Results a Hill, whose Fore-head beats the Sky.

At Sea the Day propitious to their Rage,
 These floating Armies furiously engage ;
 Whilst Artick and Antartick Kingdoms wait
 (With Continents between) to know the Fate
 Of the loud Combate, and the Nations, who
 Parcel the Regions which they ne'r subdue.
 So *Pompeys* Gallants did old *Rome* divide,
 When the *Pharsalian* Victor spoil'd their pride.

Not many Hours blood and ruin breath'd,
 The waves discolour'd, human Bowels sheath'd
 With flying Balls ; but triumph and success,
 With all their Marks our Generals do bless:
 These *Heroes* lodg'd within that ample Frame,
 Whose Pride displays our mighty Monarchs Name

(No Vulgar Crowds fit for their Noble Rage)
 The Chieftain of the *Belgian* Fleet engage.
 Courage does Heaven oblige, and such Attempts
 Like future Faith from threatn'd Harms exempts.
 Now Death on the pale wings of lightning flies,
 And fatal storms of Thunder wound the Skies.
 The Royal ship such heavy Ruins throws,
De Ruyter can no longer bear the blows ;
 But spreads his Canvas to intreat the wind
 From following foes security to find.

Some as they flye we seize, the rest that reach
 Their Ports, the fatal Overthrow do preach ;
 With which alarm'd, their Beacons burn on shore,
 Afraid of what they threatn'd us before.

One Squadron of their Fleet by Heaven design'd
 To a more Cruel Fate remains behind ;
 With which the Admiral of the blew contends,
 Who burns, and sinks, and with his Ordnance rends ;
 Till the maim'd Remnant with obedient Sails
 Implores the succours of assisting Gales.
 Here one might see those solid Planks the Grace,
 And latest Pride of *Thames* persue the Chace ;
 Whilst the Ambitious Air before their Ports,
 With our Victorious Flaggs and Standart sports :
 The Chieftains now dispensing as they please
 The fate of all that float the vanquish'd Seas.

To the KING upon the same.

GREAT SIR! to whom as the first source we owe,
 What by degrees descends on us below;
 Olympus owns a Triumph in Your Name,
 And eccho's to the joy our shouts proclaim.

Nations will now their Neutral Arts forget,
 As streams their Currents in one Ocean met.
 Spain will desert her Phlegm to reach that shore
 Whose Kindness ruin'd Nations can restore.

France that forgot her Annals may advise
 With her old Ruins, and too late grow wise.
 Denmark (whose white and airy Mountains dare
 Sin to another Babel in the Air)
 Her angry Rocks may quarrel with the Sea,
 But from Your Influence cannot be free.

Now Amphitrite is Your own, You may
 Teach Kingdoms with Your Trident to obey:
 The Gordian Knots their Interests have tyed,
 Your Power is extended to divide;
 Whilst Your Victorious Frigats press the Main,
 Your Title to that Empire to maintain.
 The Boisterous Seas will yield more Loss than Gain.

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